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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Hop gently, with upturned claws,
Over the thrown-down body,
Over the extinguished hair.

Tree which grows near the house,
Spin and twine your shadows in there.
Burn with your shadows,
Wind around her your tendrils,
Limpid god!

IN THE PARK

I am slowly wheeling my child
In the swarming park.
The sky sheds skeins of darkness
As delicate as light.
The stars curl in their coverlets
And allow the thin light
To drift from between their fingers.
The moon, like an earnest priest,
Seems bent on holy business.
But the trees are capricious: they display or conceal
Part of a torso or a knee, or reveal
A poem of branches. The little water is thick with mystery
As a lake in a forest. The grass
Tickles my soles, and I can feel
The earth under, rich
Yet almost incoherent.